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The VVandering-Jew,

Telling

FORTVNES

TO

Engliſh-men,

LONDON;
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G.STEEVENS

house of folly? how many husbands wander from their wives beds? how many wives from their husbands: and are not all these Christians? yes: wandring Christians. Art thou a Courtier? art thou a Souldier? art thou a Merchant? art thou a Shop-keeper? art thou a good man? art thou a bad? Reade what is written in the Iews face, and thou mayst prove a setled Christian, be what thou wilt: If thou desires to foresee what shall befall thee upon this Booke, if thou canst not finde the full weight of thy fortune yet in one scale or other there lies a dramme; there's a Iewes Lottery, and lots of severall valuations: No blanks, all prizes; Injoy them, and the love of him who bids thee draw, and wishes thee a noble fortune.

Thy wandring Friend,

Gad Ben-arod, Ben Balaam,
Ben-Ahimoth, Ben-Baal,
Ben-Gog, Ben-Magog.

Farewell.

A Catalogue of ſuch as come to *know their Fortunes.*

1 A Courtier.
2 A Drunkard.
3 An Aldermans prodigall ſonne.
4 A Tobacco taker.
5 A good Lawyer.
6 An honeſt citizens too finicall wife.
7 A Prentice.
8 A Serving-man.
9 An Extortioner.
10 A Glutton.
11 A Iealous man.
12 A Lover, a fond fantaſtick one.
13 A Witch.
14 A Roaring boy.
15 A voluntary Banckrupt.
16 A Sergeant of *London.*
17 A Thiefe.
18 A Hang-man.
19 Tiburne.

THE

Wandering-Jew,

To the

Wandering-Christian.

FOr a Jew *to wander it is no wonder, because they are a ſcattered* Nation: *But a wandring Chriſtian is a wonder indeed, for true Chriſtians are, or ought to be fixed Starres,* Errantes Stellæ *ſhine but dimly in* Europes *firmament, the other brightly; To ſollid Okes then, that ſtand up and never ſtirre, to Cedars whoſe heads knocke at the rooſe of heaven, to the ſacred trees on mount* Libanon, *whoſe branches reach to Paradice, to Rocks and Quarries whoſe roots cannot be pluckt up from their center, to Chriſtians who are ſetled conſtant and reſolute I write not, nothing have I to doe with them, but becauſe I am called the wandring* Jew, *I walke up and downe to finde out wandring Chriſtians, are there any ſuch Chriſtians? No ſure, (why then I write to no body.)*

To the Reader.

To wander, properly ſignifies, That the party (ſo walking) has gone right, but then ſtayes, as ſhe pe doe, leaping out of their fold; If it be ſo? then ſure there be wandring Chriſtians: but how many ſorts of wandring Chriſtians are there, almoſt as many as there are men: For go no further then this kingdome, all that are called men, are not Chriſtians, and all that are called Chriſtians, are not men.

Wandring Chriſtians there are then, yes: how many great men have in this land wandred from their Loyalty? yet their heads met it in the end ſleeping on a blocke, how many brave Souldiers have wandred from the true noble Diſcipline military, in ſtaining the glory of their victories with the barbarous effuſion of too much blood, where mercy cryed aloud to ſheath their ſwords; how many profound Schollers have been walking Candles, (not lighted) or if lighted, have put out their owne flames and gone away ſtinking? how many deepe Lawyers have left the pathes of equitie to wander in the way of Bribes? how many rich men at this houre wander in the crooked windings of Extortion? how many (borne beggers) have by knavery, ſubtilty, baſeneſſe, falſe weights, falſe meaſures, darke Lanthornes (falſe lights) wandred into wealth? how many wiſemen wander to the

houſe

THE

WANDRING IEVV,

TELLING FORTUNES to Engliſh-men.

OR,

A IEWES LOTTERY.

BEing melancholy, and walking in a warme afternoone to *Hogſdon* alone, I fell into a by-path, which led me into a ſolitary field, fit to the diſpoſition of my mind. There I lay on a bancke, and on a ſudden, had mine eye-lids ſo long plaid upon with a golden ſlumber, that in the end it turn'd to a ſound ſleep, which ſo long inchanted me by his bewitching charmes, that the Birds in pitty, to ſee me lye there, and fearing I might catch hurt by the cold fingers of the night, if once they faſtned upon me, the poore ſingers, ſet out a throat, to wake me

and ſat up later than their houſe, onely to watch me. I then awak'd, and prais'd heaven, for putting more pitty into the breſt of a gentle Bird, than into man.

So, darkeneſſe marching ſoftly towards the City, I thruſt my ſelfe into her company, and went along with her: when I came to the walkes of Moorefields, I feard nothing, for I ſaw none, I heard none, met none, all was huſh'd as a ſtill water, no wind ſtirring, no leaves buſtling; (that halfe amaz'd) I almoſt forgot where I was, on in the darke, I went I knew not how, nor car'd I whither: in the end, I got to More-gate, but that, and all the other paſſages were ſtopt, lock'd up, and none to open; for there was a tumult in London, upon which the gates were ſhut, and the Lord Maior, and Sherifs, with power gon abroad to keepe the peace. From Moregate then I ſoftly went up the field againe, it was not earely and it was not late, I heard no voyces of man or woman, I ſaw no light, and thought with my ſelfe, that all that part of the world was drunke, they were ſo faſt aſleepe.

In the end, I ſpy'd a ſmall light burning in a great window, which ſhew'd like one Glow-worme in a large garden: be the houſe (quoth I to my ſelfe) what it will, there will I knocke; for albeit the gates be ſhut, Conſtables eyes are open: ſo I came to a faire porch, whoſe dore within was but put to: in I went, and on I went, (it being as I after underſtood) one of thoſe ſpatious bricke-houſes, which ſhoot their ſmoake towards Bun-hill, when ther's any fire in the chimneis. What the ſilent walkes were, I feard not, and who the dweller there I car'd not: a pretty

ſtrippling

ſtrippling preſently comes out with a candle, and without any more complement told me, his maſter would doe nothing to night, no more telling of Fortunes till morning, I catching hold of this, asked who was his maſter, ſhe ſaid the *wandring Iew*, where is he, (quoth I) within (quoth he): may I ſpeake with him (quoth I) you may (quoth he,) does hee dwell here (quoth I?) no, he but lyes here, (quoth he,) it his kinſmans houſe, and he being in the country, rather then it ſhould ſtand empty, gives him the uſe of it.'

At laſt, lighting me into a faire Parlor, I followed where was a good fire, and an antient Gentleman, in an odde Jewiſh habit, ſitting at a table, where hee had newly ſup'd; hee ſpying me ſat ſtill, and ſpoke not a word, at which I was abaſhed; yet plucking up a good heart: Sir (ſaid I) by your ſtrange outſide, I know not what language you ſpeake, but if you underſtand that which I ſpeake (Engliſh,) I intreate ſo noble a favour at your hands, as to let me ſhelter my ſelfe in your houſe, till the Moone pleaſes to ſhine, and beſtow one of her Tapers upon me to light me to my lodging. He call'd for a chaire, and made me ſit downe by him; and then (taking me by the hand,) ſonne (ſaid he) y'are well-come: I have travelled farre, and ſpeake many languages, yet am as you are, an Engliſhman, (you may heare by my tongue.) If I ſpake nothing at your comming in, wonder not, it is my faſhion, as they (which know me) know: For why ſhould I to one I never ſaw, moove needleſſe queſtions, which you may anſwer as you pleaſe, and deride me: ſay I aske you, where you

have beene, and why you walke ſo late, what need you tell me? you may ſpeake any thing. To deſire what you are, where you dwell, what's your quality, who your friends? this were ſuperfluous & ridiculous.

If you be my friend, to uſe you unkindly, were baſe: if my enemy, yet in ſuch a night, to welcome you, is charity, if you are capable of my harmeleſſe meaning, you ſhall know more ere you part, Sir, (ſaid I,) if I could not pay your kindneſſe with loving words, you might count me a bad debtor, if I ſtudy not to requite your courteſie, I were ungratefull, (and then a villaine,) but ſithence, it is not in my power to performe ſo much now, it ſhall argue a generous diſpoſition in you, if for a ſhort time you give me forbearance, till I be better able: for howſoever I ſeeme rude, by this bold intruſion, yet have I beene trayned up where good manners grew, and learning floriſhed.

I vvas once my ſelfe a lover of the Muſes too, (ſaid he) but had a roaming head when I vvas as you are, yong, and vvould take no ſettled courſe, and that caus'd mee to travell: but vvhen the rod of youth had beaten me, and that age bid me hye home; I returned to mine owne Country (*England*) vvhoſe ſmoake to me, vvas more ſweet, than all the perfum'd fires, by which I warm'd my ſelfe abroad.

To this houſe have I retir'd, becauſe it ſtands in a good ayre, hath the benefit of faire proſpects, and is neere the Citty, it is none of mine but my kinſmans, yet may I uſe it as freely as if it were mine owne.

And

And now ſonne, (for ſo my age allowes me priviledge, to call you) I will take away the tediouſneſſe of night, by ſome diſcourſe, of the paſſages of my owne life. Every old man is his owne Chronicler, and no ſtory is readier in his memory then what hee writes with his owne hand.

Know then, that in my firſt ſetting forth in progreſſe through the world, much preferment met me, kiſs'd me, and wood me, and faine would have had me, but I would none: choyce of wives were ſet before me, (beauties able to tempt) yet me they could not: I ſaw others, that had faire wives, but the husbands looked worſe than other men: I had a freſh colour, they pale, I ſtrong and luſty, they puling, weake and ſickly, I joviall, buxome, and ſtill merry, they ſullen, melancholy, and ever ſad. No wife (I ſwore for this) ſhould come neere me. I could have beene rich, but all rich men, are not the happieſt men; if I might live (ſaid I) alwayes, I would then build (as rich men doe) and ſet my glory on the toppes of Pinnacles, but when with my hand I could meaſure out the ſpanne of a poore tranſitory life, I accounted gold and ſilver, but as the miſers Counters, to caſt up his cares by; Honours I weighed, and found the Ballance falſe; when I thought they had beene Dyamonds, they proved Pibbles; when cuppes of Nectar, they turn'd to roming water. The embracing of the ſweeteſt woman upon earth, but a Goddeſſes picture, a minutes pleaſure, an age of perturbation.

So that, fanning off theſe light fethers, I ſit as you, by my owne fire; if now I appeare wretched, my

griefe is the leſſe, becauſe I was never better, if I am poore, no matter, it is ſometimes a torment to be rich. As I have not too much, I have not too little, I am the Sunne to my owne Zodiack, or a ſhip in my own ſea, and beare a ſayle according to my burthen.

But now I will open to you the booke of a ſtrange ſecrecy, here I live as obſcure as I can, yet the needle-eye of this winking world has found mee out, and for what thinke you? They take me for a rare fellow, a Conjurer, a Cunning-man, a ſooth-ſayer, a figure caſter, a ſtarre-catcher, a Fortune-teller, any body, nobody, and I know not who, neither can they tell what.

Indeed (worthy Sir) I confeſſe I have heard, that here about Moore-fields, ſuch a wondrous man did live, that was as well acquainted with the Moone, as her neighbours the ſtarres are, but that this was the houſe, I proteſt I knew not, till by this good fortune, a happy darkeneſſe brought me to it. For Sir, you have ſuch a winning way in you, that I deſire (as you call me ſon) ſo I may call you father, and be adopted and endeered into your grave acquaintance.

This night (replyed hee) you ſhall lodge here, to morrow morning, you ſhall ſee the Terme begin, my Clients will come in tumbling; not that I can doe them any good, (for alas I have no ſuch skill) yet talke with them I doe, all commers I well-come; it is my ſport to heare them tell their lamentable ſtories, and it addes to my experience, to ſee the vanities, follies, and fooleries of this age, in believing that man can cut out fortunes, for ſuch Ideots, and to thruſt himſelfe into the knowledge of his great maſter. Midnight rings her bell in mine eare, and bids us haſten to

Bed,

bed: my Boy ſhall conduct you to yours; goodreſt attend you: when you riſe, you ſhall ſee ſtrangers enow wayting here, to give you and me our breakefaſts.

The gray morning had no ſooner opened her eyes, but *I* (with mine open) ſaluted her, and though I would have ſworne I had beene the firſt up in the houſe, yet when I came out of my chamber, I found my old-new-father, by a good fire, fitting in his chaire, as ſoberly as *Erra Pater*: his beard was reverend, face comely, a Jewiſh gowne girt to him, and a Jewiſh round cap on his head, buskins on his legges, a ſmall ſilver bell lying before him, to ring for his boy, mittens upon his hands.

His courteſie (over night) made me bold with him in the morning, ſo that I prayd him, honour me ſo much, as to let me know the name, to which I was ſo infinitely beholden, and withall, why (being an Engliſh-man) hee was call'd the *Wandring Iew*, and a teller of Fortunes. 'Both your queſtions (quoth hee) ſhall come home to you, anſwered.

I have beene a Traveller many yeares, and felt the heate of the Sunne in change of Countries: at my living in Venice, I came acquainted with an Italian Jew named *Orlatto*, whom meeting often upon the *Rialta*, diverſe Venetians noting his face and mine, ſaid we were ſo like, wee might very eaſily be taken for brothers; the Jew being told this, ſent for me to his houſe, entertain'd me with curious complements, curteſie and cheere, making meevow (for the equall likeneſſe we both carryed,) to call him brother. Nay, he did ſo affect my company, (I ſpeaking as good pure Tuſcane as he himſelfe) and diſcourſing home with

with him, that he wonne me to ſojourne with him; & in the end, (becauſe I ſtrove to pleaſe and humour him in all things, his noble curteſies, binding me to doe ſo) he wrought me to goe in a rich Jewiſh habit (ſuch as you ſee I ſit in) ſo that all Venice ſwore I was his brother, and I went (as he did,) by the name of *Orlot to*, which name I retaine here ſtill, albeit my owne true name is *Ezremont*.

To your other demand, why I am called a Fortune-teller, a Cunning-wiſe-man, and I know not what; this addition of ridiculous Title came to me, by a merry accident, which fell out thus. A ſinging joviall Cobler, dwelt not farre from a private lodging which I tooke; who bore ſuch love to a rough-hayre Water-ſpaniell which hee kept, hee was never well, but when the Dogge was in his company. A mad fellow to have ſome ſport with the Coblar, ſtole the Dogge, and kept him cloſe from him a ſevennight: the Cobler was mad, and ſware he did not care to give all the ſhooes in his ſhop, to have his Dogge againe: why (ſayes the other) I will undertake for a Capon and a pottle of wine, to bring you to a Jew hard by, (an excellent Scholler, and ſeene in the Black-art, that ſhall helpe you to the Curre. Tis agreed; the mad Grig then comes to me, (being full in my acquaintance,) and for mirth ſake, wooes me when I brought the Cobler to him, to undertake the getting of his Dog, which was eaſie to doe, he having him lock'd up in his owne houſe, I yeelded: he brings the Cobler, and after many intreaties (I telling the danger of the Law, if I dealt in ſuch matters) at length, I promis'd him I would doe my beſt.

Asking

Asking him then, if hee could reade, hee ſaid, No: hereupon, taking downe *Geſners* diſcourſe of Beaſts, vvith their pictures, I turn'd to that part vvhich reveales the properties of all ſorts of Dogges: ſhewed him the picture of one, Is this hee? No; Is this hee? No, no: I then (after hee had ſeene many others) opened the leaſe, where the picture of a ſhaghaire Water-ſpaniell was, which he no ſooner ſaw, but rapping out a great oath, ſwore, that vvas the very ſvveet face of his deare Diver (for ſo hee called his Curre:) upon which opening his purſe, hee threw downe all his mony, and ſo hee might but ſee his Dogge at home, bid me take what I would: I touched none, but bidding him hie to his houſe, told him his Dogge ſhould be at home within halfe an houre, with great joy he parts, his friend gets home, powres a kettle of warme water on the Dogge, as if hee ſweated, cudgel'd the Curre ſoundly, and away runnes hee to the Cobler, leaping upon his maſter, and his maſter hugging him: And upon this was I ſo fam'd for my cunning, that there is not a morning in the weeke, but I am haunted with fooles of all ſtampes, to know their fortunes, in which I have as much skill, as the Coblers Water-ſpaniell had; yet I make a ſhift to pleaſe my ſelfe, and not hurt them: I wonder I ſit ſo long quiet; ſtay you by me, (if you can have patience) and behold what Actors enter upon this Comicall ſtage.

By this time, one knoc'd, hee whiſled for his other halfe of the houſe-hold, which was a pretty ſprightly boy, which lighted mee in, whom (the

Maſter ſaid hee) brought from Wittenburgh in Germany, and was cozen to knaviſh *Wagner* (the boy that wayted on Doctor *Fauſtus*:) This boy of his, for the witty conceits, and merry language in him, hee calls by an Italian name, (*Ioculo.*) This *Ioculo* being as nimble, and ready to welcome the Fortune-fooles, as a boy in a Barre, does Gueſts, and could unhappily gueſſe at the conditions of the Parties by their habits and faces upon his Maſters whiſtling; *Ioculo* had beene at gate, and comes running in, ſaying.

A Courtier comes to know his Fortune.

SIr, there is arriv'd here, a very fine paynted Galley: a brave Clariſſimo, whether he be a Chriſtian or Heathen, man or woman, I know not, by his finicall beard 'tis a man, but by the t'one ſide of his head a woman: ſome ſquint-eyde Barber ſure has poll'd him, for one locke is longer then the reſt, by at leaſt the quarter of a yard. His hat weares a Fether, and his head a hat of a neate blocke; by his ſpruiceneſſe hee ſhould be a Spaniard, by his ſlaſhd doublet, high galloſhes, and Italian purld band a French man, his tuskes tickle his noſe, an embrodred Belt glorifies his body, a gilt ſword his belt, and to keepe his feete from ſtincking, two Roſes grow upon his ſhooes. Fetch him in, ſaid *Or-*

lotto.

lotto, he's fetch'd, and thus begins his ſcene.

The Courtiers ſpeech.

NOble Sir, I am a Courtier, depending upon a great man: I feed high, and (you ſee) goe brave; am bleſt with the bright beames ſhot from the eyes of beauteous Ladyes, and ſometimes grac'd with the Honey-combe favours of honorable Lords. But for all this, I gaze at 'Starres', but reatch none, gape for preferrement, but none falls into my mouth. My Lord and Maſter is (in this Sea-Royall) my Admirall, after him muſt I ſayle, and for ought hee knowes I may ſinke. Theſe rich clothes coſt me nothing, the Mercers uncroſt booke ſhall ſweare for me. What my Fortunes are I know; what they may be I come to know: Few Chriſtians are to be truſted: ſtore of Jewes wee have in *England*; a few in Court, many i'th' Citty, more in the Countrey, Theſe I ſcorne; but come to you, a knowing Jew, a Rabbin, a Synagogue of Learning. In ſhort I have a rich London Widdow in chaſe, (hearke in your eare) ſuch a one; knighted I can be, and have no Herald pinne himſelfe to my ſleeve for fees, and Knight-hood on a Citizens wives trencher, is a liquoriſh bit, many of their rotten Teeth water at it. Tell me therefore now (worthy Jew) whether it be my Fortune to have this golden old girle or no.

The Courtiers Fortune.

SIr, (ſaid *Orlotto*) you Courtiers (I meane ſuch as are true ones, are the Dyals of the Kingdome, by whoſe motion, the Soveraigne underſtands how all the houres of State-affaires goe: your glorious traines are that *Galaxia*, leading to *Ioves* celeſtiall Palaces, and your eyes the Starres glittering all along that milky-way. The Court is a bleſſed Garden, and you the Birds of Paradiſe ſinging in it. A Courtier is, (or ſhould be) a whole man, a perfect Globe, a cunning Pilot, by his owne compaſſe able, to direct his Country and King, the Art of Royall Navigation: you then being borne under ſuch faire Planets, 'twere pitty any foule fortune ſhould croſſe you. Thus then for your rich Widdow: you are in debt, ſhe owes nothing; ſhe old, you young; not for love, but lucre would you marry her: her wealth ſhall maintaine your Court-miſtreſſe, (for without one you are not) her old bones for a moneth, or two, you will rattle in a gilt Caroach (bought with her owne gold) an then let the Coach and her lye and rot; what followes? you will ruffle abroad in ſilkes, ſhee mourne at home in ſack-cloath: In Tavernes you will roare, at home her children crye; ſhe will curſe you, you not care for her; her bagges will be empty bladders, and the bladder of your vaine glory fill'd onely with wind: your fortune (if you have her) is in the end to be

The Aldermans prodigall Sonnes Fortune.

TO whom, *Orlotto, thus*;
Sir, you are rich, but deepe wells by continuall bucketting the water out, are in the end drawne dry: *Troy* was once on fire, yet long ſince burnt out; you are faire, and handſome, but intemperate riots will leave you ugly: you are witty, wenches and wine will make you a foole; you are young, late watchings in Taverns, will wrinckle that face, and dry up that bloud: Had the Alderman your father done as you doe, you had done nothing, you had bin nothing: Now you are followed, then you might have ſerv'd; what are you in your ſpendings? but a great Taper to give other light, rather a tallow candle, which being waſted goes out in a filthy ſnuffe: Laviſh ſpending, has a ſlaviſh ending; when women have worne away your body, and wantonneſſe worm'd you out of wealth, then goe to your Goſſips, (which now hang like jewels about your necke,) ſhake but an empty pocket, what then? the whore will not know you, the Vintner not truſt you, the Tayler no more take meaſure of you, the Mercer goes in with a Spaniſh ſhrugge: Torn fortunes wheele round in your owne hand, Lords will play at dice with you, Knights will call you Tom, and Jacke, and Dicke, Fether'd gallants haunt you, Paraſites flatter you, Brokers borrow for you, Vſurers lend you, Citizens cap you, Brave dames kiſſe

gownes out of you: But, let Fortune ſnatch her wheel from you, a poore Ale-houſe is your Inne, an old Freeze Jerkin in Summer your Sonday-ſuit, and a Plimouth cloake your Caſter. Here then is your Fortune, if you hold on as you begin, your full feeding will make you leane, Drinking too many healths; waſh away you own health, your too oft leaping the pale, cauſes you look pale, too cloſe following the faſhion, brings you out of all faſhion, and a careleſſe life, draws on a miſerable death; you have yet, gold enough left, husband that, you have wit, imploy that: from handfulls of corne-ſeeds come Cart-loads of corne; A little well ordered, begets much, and much ſcraped abroad (as Hens do chaffe with their heels) comes to nothing. If you mock my good will, you may repent when you lie like a Nut-megge in a Grate, or elſe ride Weſtward, at the Sheriffs charges, on Doctor Stories wooden horſe of *Troy*, which has ſwallowed many a gallant into his belly. Our yong Cockney laughed, ſhook his head, muffled his face in his ſcarlet cloake, and ſo without ſo much as mum, ſneaked away.

A Tobacconiſt,
Or,
A Gallant ſmelling ſtrong of Tobacco.

THe hammer at the gate, beating loud in our eares agen; *Ioculo*, comes in, Crying *Foh*, I am almoſt ſtrangled with a Damp: why ſaid *Orlotto*, what

what Cuſtomer comes next? one I thinke (ſayes the Boy,) to give you a fit of mirth, for his pockets are full of pipes; at the very gates hee drew out a Tinder-box, and bounce went his noſe like a Pot-gun; his throat ſure is on fire, the ſmoak flies ſo faſt from his mouth, bleſſe his beard with a baſon of water, leaſt he burne it: ſome little Devill, in mans likeneſſe, for he ſpits fire, pants and lookes pale, and ſo ſpawles, and drivells, he has almoſt made a puddle where he ſtands, ſee ſir, here hee comes, having put up his pipes.

I come to thee Jew (quoth the Tobacconiſt) to know whether the Doctor of the Towne lie or no, for they all ſay, my lungs are waſted with exceſſive drinking Tobacco, and I cannot live, but I feele no ſuch matter; That ſacred Indian-weed, is reſtorative to me, Tobacco is my heaven on earth, Tobacco is my breakfaſt, my banquet, my bleſſing, the ſcent of it ſo raviſhes mee, would I had taken Tobacco in my mothers belly; Tobacco is to mee an honor, for ſome Noble-mens chimneys vent not out ſo much ſmoke, as I doe at my noſtrils, yet my wife curſes the Inventor, railes at him, at mee, and the poore innocent herbe; ſo my ſonne ſweares he had rather thruſt his head into a Jakes, than peepe into my chamber, yet this divine Moly, is meate and drinke to me, what need I New caſtle-coals having this fewell to heat me? Hang Sacke, this is my Canarie; this Black-a-More I love, above the beauty of a Cheapſide darling: In one of theſe pipes is my mornings draught, in another my apples and carrawaies after dinner, in a third, my after-noons nunti-

ons, and at my going to bed, this is my poſſet: To binde this to me, I will loſe my hat-band; and does this then ſhorten my life, ſay Jew, am I a dead man or no? Caſt the dice, and let mee ſee what chance Fortune has allotted me.

The Tobacconiſts Fortune.

GAllant (quoth *Orlotto*) or what ſo ere you are, albeit you cry up Tobacco to be the ſoveraign of herbs, I would have you know, what I know, that it is rather a bewitching poiſon: Tobacco, is the idle-mans devill, the drunkards ſaint, the devil perfumer, the ſober mans madneſſe, hell-chopping herbs, infernall minc'd-meat, that ſcurvey-graſſe which the Fiends late buttered with brim ſton; them that take Tobacco, will endure hell-fire, for that ſtinks like the fire of hell here already.

Some, by ſelling it grow rich, and but a few; other poore Sneaks are blowne up with the artillery of their earthen Muskets, for ſometimes their rowls rot, and puddings drop in pieces: Indians ſet it, Spaniards ſend it, and many Bankrupts here ſell it, who commonly live ſo poorly, they are not able to reach to the price of a ſigne, but as if ſome Jack-anapes belong'd to the houſe, have two hoops a croſſe hang out at doores; which now is growne as infamous, as a horſ-ſhoo at the door of a Bawdy-houſe: And when the miſerable ſmoke-ſellers die, how are they buried? in ſheets as durty as mouldy Tobacco leaves, and no ſtrewing herbs, but the ſtalks.

O (quoth the Tobacconiſt,) but what is this ſelling of Tobacco to my drinking it? 'tis to mee my ale, my beer, my wine, my hot waters: a Tobacco pipe

pipe is my ſpit, the bowle, my oven, the herbe in it is my boyl'd-meat, my bak'd meat, my roſt meat.

To you(monſtrous takers of it)then(ſaid th'other) thus; You cry, give me Tobacco and a figg for Phyſitians: ſay it be phyſicke, is phyſicke good at all times, at all ſeaſons, is one kinde of Phyſicke good for all bodies, all conſtitutions, all diſeaſes? I will not denie but Conceit may worke wonders; onely Conceit, if you be fat, will make you lean, if leane, fat, if dull, quicke-witted, if forgetfull, oh, it kindles the cold braines, nay ſome of you will ſweare it cures all diſeaſes: the Pox it doth aſſoone. But ſithence, the ſmoke of Tobacco drives you hither to know your Fortune, thus in ſmoke it flies to you.

If you leave not ſacrificing your noſe to this Indian-idol, when you would pull it out of the fire(as St. *Dunſton* did the devill with a paire of Pincers) you ſhall not, you ſhall die piping, yet heare no muſick; have too much vapour, yet want breath, and that ſo ſtinking, a reeking dung-hill, is a Druggiſts ſhoppe to it: Marry foh, quoth the Tobacconiſt, and vaniſhed.

A good Lawyer.

THe Tobacconiſt being gone without any loud beating at the gates, *Ioculo* came roaring to his Maſter, and told him there was entred a comely grave old Gentleman, were he bald, I ſhould take him for Time; It's a Weſtminſter-man ſure, for

he's gowned, and as I gather, a Lawyer, by a man following him with a Buckram bagge at his ſide, ſee ſir, hee's come.

The Lawyer being in ſight of *Orlotto*, and each of them looking wiſhly (as amaz'd) one upon another, the Engliſh Jew (as abaſh'd) ſuddenly ſtarting up, ranne to embrace him, who lifting up his hands, (being ſtrucke with admiration,) My old friend Mr. Egremont (quoth he) and are you the wandring Jew, you the rare cunning-man, you the Fortune-teller? I heard of a ſuperlative famous fellow, ſo cry'd up, that all who before you have led the World into a fooles paradiſe, were but *Agrippae's* ſhadowes dancing in a circle, to the ſubſtance which the wandring Jew walks in: and hearing of ſuch a prize, you know it is my faſhion to come and ſee it, not that I deſire to be told my Fortune, or that I beleeve any Jew, Gipſen, Witch, Negromancer, or Star-gazer, is ſo familiar with the ſecret counting houſe of heaven. The lockes and wards of Fate, are not ſo eaſie to be opened: ſilly women, and unexperienced people, (out of the madneſſe of cuſtome,) do, or may happily reſort to you and others, about ſtrayed cattle, or loſt goods; but I know how high your croſſe-ſtaff reaches, and that all is but Jugling, falſity, and impoſturiſme.

Worthy Sir, (ſaid *Orletto*) all this I know too, and neither am skilled, nor profeſſe I any of theſe cunny-catching ſciences; (Sciences! let mee not abuſe ſo excellent a name) they are meere gulleries: onely, here I ſit, and if any comes to me (as this yong Gentleman can teſtifie) I make my ſelfe merry by

by diſcourſing with them, but few are pleaſ'd yet, with any Fortune, which I have read to them.

No! I pray let me underſtand your myſterious handling of your Clients, Patients, or Cuſtomers, (I know not how you terme them) and in the ſame Dialect, that you Lecture out Fortunes to others, let me have mine.

You ſhall Sir, (replied old Egremont) thoſe on whom I worke, I either know their diſpoſitions by conference with them, or elſe (good ſoules) they are ſo open-hearted to mee, that they anatomize themſelves in their owne characters, and is not this an eaſie way then, to throw away a true fortune upon them? As, a fellow comes to me, and tells mee, hee's a Thiefe, and would know his fortune; Can I tell him any other fortune, but to be hang'd, if he leaves not his trade? A common baggage tells me how ſhe lives by the uſe of her body, can I tell her any other, than to die in an hoſpitall? But (noble Sir,) to make you merry, I will tell you yours: I know you be a learned Lawyer, and that which is better, an honeſt man, ſo that the kingdome gives you the ſtile of a good Lawyer, (that is to ſay, a good man,) Law is your ſtudie, but your pleadings are to get honour, in the Star-chamber of heaven.

Juſtice dares hardly truſt ſome Lawyers; but into your hands, ſhee thruſt her ſcales, becauſe with a ſteddy hand you weigh rich and poore in an even Ballance: Were all Lawyers of your minde, It would be a continuall vacation; the Foure Termes might ſleepe among the Tombes, and Weſtminſter live without noiſe; for you more delight in ending

of

of Brabbles, than taking Fees to continue them, ſues any client in *Forma pauperis*, you are his law-almner. Thoſe walkes in Weſtminſter Hall, which lead up to the Chancery, Kings-Bench, and Common-pleas, and are every day paved with angels, you tread not on: One Angel of Heaven is more welcome to you.

Your beard you ſuffer to grow long, becauſe it being white, ſhould ſtill put you in minde to do nothing unworthily, ſuch a reverend ornament. Oft have I heard you ſay, that when you ſaw but a cloth laid on a table it put you in mind of a coarſe; and when you fed, O (quoth you) thus doe I fatten my ſelfe for wormes, that ſo they may feed upon me. When men have praiſ'd the comelines of your age, and wiſhed to have yeeres multiplied, you have ſmil'd and thanked them, but ſaid you deſir'd no ſuch honorable burden, and why? Life (quoth you, is a Sea; yeers the Leagues we row out; our breath, the windes; and ſinnes, rocks; our bodies, the ſhips; our Soules, the ſailes; miſeries, our fraught; our voy) age to both Indies (Eaſt, or Weſt,) Heaven, or hell, where we riſe, or ſet; and but one Haven to both, (Death) at that haven deſire I to laſt anchor; for the Country I ſeeke, is the heavenly Hieruſalem. This knowledge I have of you.

The good Lawyers Fortune.

AND now heare your Fortune. All your life-time, your Law-caſes, Demurs, Pleadings, and ploddings have made you grow up to a tree, bearing this admirable fruit, *A good Lawyer*: And when you are dead, This onely ſhort Epitaph ſhall crowne

be a beggar, if you have her not, to live in debt, and yet dye worth a Trunke full of gorgeous apparell, which afterwards (if your ghoſt could walke) you might ſee worne on a ſtage by Players.

The Courtier looking red with anger, flung away, with this onely in his mouth, y'are a Jew: Loe: (ſaid *Orlotto*) you ſee my manner of telling fortunes, for I ſcarce ſo tickle any one of theſe Trowtes amongſt twenty, as to make him turne up his belly, and lye ſtill.

A Drunkard comes reeling to know his fortune.

BY this time another rap't at gate, whom *Ioculo* having let in, hee came roaming thus to his Maſter: O Sir! I'me glad I have no beard, it had beene ſindg'd off by this: there's a fellow come in with a Fire-drake in his noſe, an *ignis fatuus* in's face, two flaming ovens in's his eyes, his cheeks durty, hands filthy, body naſty, breath ſtincking, teeth beaſtly; ſome diſeas'd horſe, hee has the ſtaggers, no man I am ſure, for hee has wallowed in mire like a hogge, is he not an Alchymiſt? his cloake is all totter'd, and his breeches if hee takes wide ſtrides, will untruſſe of themſelves: nor hat-band, nor girdle, they lye in pawne for two cannes.

See Sir, the drunken Hogs-head has roll'd himſelfe hither.

The Drunkards ſpeech.

HOw now Maſter Jew; I come to give thee two pots and a pipe, to tell me my Fortune. Thy Fortune (quoth *Orlotto*,) It comes ſtumbling along with thee: before thou knoweſt thy fortune, know thy ſelfe: Thy kingdome is an Ale-houſe, thy ſcepter, a Canne, thy ſubjects Tapſters, thy language you Rogues, no attendance on a Gentleman, albeit but a Tincker; then glaſſes kiſſe the walls, blacke pots the ground, your hoſteſſe muſt be ſlaver'd, and any durty ſow catch'd at, that weares but a croſſe-cloath: thou careſt for no deare yeares, and drink'ſt away plenteous-ones. Thou art a Hops ſod in Beere, a rotten Grape cruſh'd in vvine, a Rat drown'd in Ale, a beaſts filthy entrayles ſows'd in drinke: and what is drunkenneſſe? a madde Megrimme, a puddle of ſinne, a ſinke of ſhame, the ruine of the ſenſes, plague of the body, perdition of the ſoule, abhor'd of God, loathed of Angels, derided of men, hugg'd onely by Devils. Here's your filthy picture, now I draw your Fortune: a good-one ſweet ſwines-fleſh Jew, and then t'other halfe dozen, ſcore right Raſcals, hick-upd the drunkard.

The Drunkards Fortune.

THou ſhalt chalke up ſo many Oes, that thy Hoſteſſe ſhall ſcratch thee for her money, and the tapſter kicke thee out of dores, thy wife (if thou haſt any) wiſh thee in thy grave, thy children laugh when th'art a dying: ſober men will ſhunne thee, friends flye thee, women vvhoope at thee, boyes laugh at thee. Thy body diſeaſed, thy mouth full of oathes, thy purſe empty, thy cloathes totter'd, and in the end lye, and dye in ſome ditch, under a ſtall, or in a Jayle. Mend, and meete better fortune: goe on, and this follows thee.——Farewell and be hang'd Jew, cryed the Drunkard, ſo they parted.

An Aldermans ſonne left rich, comes to know his Fortune.

THen came in a youth bownſing vvith authority: looke out ſaid *Orlotto*, who i'ſt? O Sir, (quoth *Ioculo*) a man made out of waxe, a City-ſparke, a Bonfire, a Muske-cat ſmells not ſweeter, a Barber

a Barber is not trimmer, a Chamber-maid is not ſmoother, a painted whore not better colour'd. An Aldermans ſonne, as his man whiſpers to me. Bring him in: he comes.

The Aldermans ſonnes ſpeech.

SAve thee (Noble Jew,) I am a Cockney borne, a chil'd of Troy-novant, the ſonne of a ſcarlet man, (a Senator,) I am (as all of us) borne poore, but left rich, Wenches I revell with, Vintners I advance, Taylors I make Gentlemen, Sempſters are my wayting-women, Bawdes I kicke, Punkes I tumble, I can handle a Rapier, toſſe full glaſſes, ſpinne out nights in ſuppers, and dance away whole dayes with Fidlers: Duckes and Drakes make I with ſhillings, honeſt wives, drabbes, with poundes, I want nothing, have all things, and yet (but yeſterday) an old trot, a Beldame, a Witch looking in my hand, told me I had too large a Table, to keepe it ſtill furniſh'd with meate; and that for all my full bagges, I ſhould dye a beggar. Being vext at this leane *Lamia*, hollow-eyde *Canidia*, and ſplay-footed Iriſh *Calliogh*: I come (Jew) to thee, to have thee to ride among the Planets, inquire of them what Starre was my midwife, and then tell me my Fortune.

crowne your Tombe-ſtone: Here lies a wonder, lov'd of God and Man. *A good Lawyer.*

An honeſt Citizens, *too finicall Wife, comes to know her Fortune.*

ANother knocks ſayes the good Chriſtian-Jew, looke out boy, O ſayes *Ioculo*, 'tis a ſweet woman, do you not ſmell her? a rowling eye, fine haire (if it be her ovvne) high fore-head, rare face, (if it be not painted) white necke, (if it be not plaiſtred) ſtraight back, (if it be not bolſtred) ſlender waſt, (if not too much pinn'd in) pretty foot, daintie leg, and I thinke, a Citizens wife, for a little prentice mans this little Pinnace.

The deſcription of this Woman.

LEt her hovvſe a while (ſayes his Mr.) I knovv her; once has ſhe been here before, and I cannot be rid of her; yet I will bring you acquainted with her qualities, and theſe they are; ſhe came naked into the City, and ſhall ſo returne, unleſſe ſhee doe pennance in a white ſheet, pinn'd round about her. Her husband married her for pure love, and had naught with her, and naught is like to have; yet ſhe will flaunt with the fineſt, and gad abroad with the giddieſt, looking for more attendance than a Counteſſe, and more obſervance than a Dutcheſſe: ſhee ſtomacks any bravery in others, and cares not how great her owne be, nor how ſhe comes by it:

yet ſhe is not common, (that's her Glory) but loves only one beſides her husband, (and that's her Scandall.)

No faſhion can peepe out, but ſhe has it; no ſight to bee ſeene, but ſhe muſt view it; not a gevv-gavv heard of, but ſhe longs for it: ſhe will buy nothing that is cheape, weares nothing that is courſe, eats nothing but what is coſtly: her honeſt husband is her Hobby-horſe at home, and her foole abroad; amongſt her Crevv, the wanton Girles jeere him; and her hee companions point at him with forked fingers, ſuch a life leads he with this white Devill; he were better be in his grave: by day he dares not meet her, ſhee's ſo man'd with her brave Boyes; by night, he feares to lie with her, ſhee's a *Noli me tangere*; with meat he cannot pleaſe her (ſhee's ſo daintie) in clothes hee cannot keepe her, (ſhee's ſo coſtly) with words he cannot fit he, (ſhee's ſo captious) and no way can content her, (ſhee's ſo wanton:) If he councels her to turne over a new leaf; mew (cries ſhe) you preach falſe doctrine: if hee jeere at her apiſh folly, O fayes ſhe, you are all wit, or wit-all: keepe her ſhort of money, ſhe ſweares ſhe will have it, though ſhe hang for it; ſtrike her, ſhe ſtabs; kiſſe her, ſhe ſpits; locke her up, ſhe cries out murder; and the next time ſhe goes abroad, a Catch-poll ſalutes her husband for ſome falſe debt, ſo he lies by it: and ſhe playes his wanton, wicked, ſweet, wel-favour'd filthy wife. Now *Ioculo* call her in.

The wanton wives ſpeech.

WOrthy ſir, I have beene here with you before, you counſelled me then; but the hony

you

you gave me, turn'd to gall in my ſtomacke. The more I ſtrive to love my husband, the more his deboiſh'd courſes begets my hate; I have caſt mine eye on a ſecond, and that ſecond is now my firſt: I know ſuch love is unlawfull, yet I cannot with-ſtand deſtiny; I am marked to be his, he to be mine: I beſeech you therefore tell me, and put me in ſome comfort; ſhall I bury my husband or no, and then will it bee my fortune that this other ſweet man, take me to be his Wife.

The wanton Wifes Fortune.

THe honeſt Jew looking with fixed eyes upon her, ſaid thus, were your minde as faire as your bodie, you were a Diamond for a Kings wearing: but the foulneſſe of the one, utterly eclipſeth the brightneſſe of the other.

I muſt condemne, and contemne you; you were ſworne in the Church to a husband, and you in a Tavern ſwear your ſelfe to an Adulterer: you conſume your husbands goods to feed a Villaine; you were honeſt, and make your ſelfe otherwiſe. But take heed, there is an eye ſees you when you kiſſe falſe lips; an eare heares you, when you plot your cloſe meetings; a hand from Above, to apprehend you in your luſt; and a devill below, which ſhall lend you fire to nouriſh it; ſuch a pleaſure has an enticing face, but a Furies body, a ſugred bit, but being ſwallowed, rank poiſon. Look into my garden, if I would ſuffer my neighbors to cover it with garbadge, no dunghill would ſtinke worſe; ſo, you are ſound, and lovely now; but when your hot luſt

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throwes Vlcers, Blanches, and the French Itch all over your body; then you will wiſh your ſelf turn'd into a Toade.

Would you know your Fortune! there it is; If you looſe your good name, you will never recover it: play falſe in your youth, and in age, none reſpect you: your husband (by your baſeneſſe) is now counted a Cuckold; and your children for ever ſhall bee called Baſtards. Say your husband dyes, no one will marry you but this your ſweet-heart, and then he will not truſt you, but revile you, curbe you, abhorre you, and keepe you as a ſlave: lament your folly now, and it ſhall ſave you a labour then: begin a new life, abandon lewd company, elſe your dayes will be wretched, and your death miſerable. She put finger in the eye, and away ſhe went.

A young Prentice comes to know his Fortune.

WHo is that knocks ſo maidenly, ſaid *Orlotto*? O ſir (quoth the Boy) 'tis ſuch a ſprigge as I am; a pretty, hanſome, well-fac'd ſtripling; neat in clothes, ſpruce in ſhooes, garters, and ſtockins; and by his habit ſeems to be ſome good mans Prentice, ſome good mans! O! that's ſome Rich mans; for he that is Rich in this Age, is Good, and none are Bad but the Poore; and is't a Prentice ſayſt thou! This Citie is bound by her Priviledges and Charter to make much of ſuch Plants: had ſhe no Prentices, ſhe would in a ſhort time have no Freemen. To be a Pren-

Prentice, is to be bound, but not to be a Bond-man, yet hee is a Bond-man for ſo many yeeres; but it is a noble Bondage, a Bondage with libertie: if the Mr. holds one end of the ſtaffe, the Prentice faſtens on the other. The Prentice is bound to ſerve his Maſter; and in the ſame Indentures the Maſter is tied to ſerve his Prentice with apparell, victuals, lodging, and all things neceſſary, and to teach him what himſelfe (in his Art) knowes. A Prentice is a City-kernell, his Maſter, the ſhell: and ſome of them are very hard to cracke; ſome breake themſelves: All your rich Shoppe keepers that make ſuch goodly bankes of flowers, were at firſt ſet of ſuch ſlips.

In the Muſicke of City Government, a Prentice for a while practiſes onely the Gamoth on his fingers; but when he comes out of his yeers, is free, and weares a livery Gowne, hee then beares a voice in the Common-wealths Conſort.

London had never ſeene the face of a Lord Major, a Sheriffe, an Alderman, a Deputie, a Church-warden, a Conſtable; but that they were all drawne by the picture of a Prentice: a Prentice comes to bee all theſe; and all theſe had never come to what they are, but by having beene a Prentice. A Prentice then being ſo brave a Spark, let us ſee what fire this will kindle when he appeares.

The Prentices ſpeech.

NO ſooner had *Ioculo* fetched him in, but thus the ſprightly youth began.

Sir, I am bold to knocke at your Gate, to ſeeke a little knowledge here, but I begge your pardon; I

am the ſonne of a Gentleman, though (as ſome tell me) I forfeit my Gentillitie by being led into a kind of voluntarie ſervitude of being a Prentice. This grieves me not a little, to looſe the Honor I brought into the World, onely to clime (if I can) to wealth, within a Citie; I am free in my minde howſoever, and in that I am a gentleman ſtill.

My Father having many ſonnes, and I a yonger Brother; I gladly to eaſe him of a charge, entred into this care of a Servant, of a Prentice, of a Bondman: ſome ſervile offices I doe, and do them willingly; others I muſt doe, and will do them as bravely. My Maſter is not hard to pleaſe, and my Miſtris eaſie; ſo that if I content both, I content my ſelfe: And 7. yeeres will quickely runne out at the ſmall hole of a Three-penie hour-glaſſe. But (renowned Jew) I deſire to learn of you my higheſt Fortune, being but a Prentice, I ſhall in time aſcend unto.

The Prentices Fortune.

YOu ſhall know (ſaid *Orlotto.*)

All men in their Cradles have their Fortunes (good, bad, or indiffrent) pinn'd on their very Mantles: You have lighted upon no ill-one in being a Prentice, for you are now a ſtudent, and muſt reade over the Law of *Lex Talionis*, (like for like:) looke how you meaſure your maſters goods out to others, your ſervants, with ſuch fingers, ſhall deliver out yours.

Does riot preſent you a horſe to ride upon, being a Prentice? your Prentice ſhall take a horſe (a Jade) out of the ſame ſtable, and ride, to his owne ruine, and

and (if he can) yours. You are in a City, not at Court; and 'tis your Place to follow Induſtry, not bravery: which doing this wilbe your fortune.

You ſhall in a ſhort time get freedome; and then your Priminiere is recovered, (your gentility, your own agen. In a few yeers after, by good husbandry, you may arrive at riches, and riches in the end bring you to honor: if you diſdaine not to weare a Prentices Cap, you may live to ſee the Cap of Maintenance, worne before you as the Cities *Prætor*. Put on thoſe clothes of a ſervant cheerfully, which your Maſter ſhall beſtow upon you, and this City which is now your Nurſe, ſhall at length, be your Mother, and put you into Robes of Scarlet. How many of our *London* Senators, have beene called from the Councell Chamber in the Guild-hall, to ſit at the Councell Tables of their Soveraignes? And why may not the Beames of ſuch glory ſhine upon you? you are now but a ſmall printed Booke, let this your youth, and mens eſtate when it comes, write none but commendable Stories, And your old Age ſhall bring forth a moſt excellent volume. He ended, the yong man, with bluſhes in his cheekes, and good language in his mouth, with humble thankes departed.

A Serving-man comes to know his Fortune.

TO the gate (boy) cryed *Orlotto*, another knocks, looke who 'tis: O Sir (ſaid he) a moſt Courteous

teous creature; how he ſtands, and looks upon himſelfe; his Combe is out, and Beard-bruſh: nay you have an excellent legge! O fine Calfe! So, ſtroake up your ſortop in any caſe: piſh! your band hangs right enough; what! yet more Creviſes in your Stockings! fye upon it, fye, now out upon it fie! How Complementall he kiſſeth his hand, as if he were in love with it. He carries a Blew coate on his backe S^r. and is feathered like a Countrey forehorſe.

Let him waite awhile, 'tis his office (as being a Serving-man.) A Serving-man is the ſhadow, his M^r. the Sun-dyall: as the tayle of a horſe, ſtirres after the body, ſo moves this creature; This fellow is no drunkard, perhaps, yet not his owne man; He is commonly a pretty boy, then a handſome ſtripling, and now (I warrant) a proper man: peeviſh in his child-hood, proud in his youth, prodigall in his beſt yeers He ſpends his portion in hope of preferment, prunes and trickes up himſelfe in hope of a rich marriage; the beſt diſh he feeds on, (tho he fills his belly with other good meats) is hope. His greateſt happineſſe is to Court the Chamber-maides, to whom he ſings; or, to man the wayting-gentlewoman into the fields, and then he ſtill turnes backe and laughes, to ſhew he's in grace; or elſe, to make other gentlemens followers drunk: whom his Maſter favours, he fawnes upon; vvhom his Miſtris frovvnes on, he frumpes: He vvould ſoone prove a Joyner, he makes legs; only his ſleeve is a gentleman, and beares Armes: He is in no one obligation, yet bound to runne at calls, riſe at all houres, and ride

ride in all weathers. What his Maſter leaves, hee eats; what he caſts off, he weares, (if he can get it;) ſo that he is the *Ante-ambulo* of a Gentlewoman, the conſequent of Gentleman, the *Ante-cedent* of a Cloke-bagge. *A Serving-man*, Call him in.

The Serving-mans ſpeech.

HE entred, as brisk as a Tayler at his own wedding, and ſaid, ſir, what my Fortune has bin, and is, I know; and what ſhall be, I come to know of you: what I am, my Livery ſhewes; what in time I may be, I would have your learning ſhew. I live among Ladies, ſee beauties every day; waite on a Knight, eat good meat every meale; and meet with brave ragges (my Knights Tayler cuts out for me) as he does for him: his Caroch is ſometimes mine, his Taverne-drinkings mine, his Playes at Black-friers, or Cock-pit mine: whatſoever is his at firſt hand, is mine at ſecond: (his wenches now and then before him) yet what of all this; this is no Sea to maintaine mee for ever in fiſhing: Service is but a glowing fire, it heats, but not through; I beſeech you therefore tell me when I ſhall ſit by a bouncing Sea-coale fire of mine owne Fortune, not to go out from Winters end, to Winters end. And I am your Servant, *Durante vita.*

The Serving-mans Fortune.

WHy then, ſayes *Orlando*, becauſe I know you are full of Agitation, like the Wheele of a perpetuall motion, here is your Fortune in a few words.

It is no ſhame to Serve; for One ſerves all us: Would you riſe higher then you are? drinking ſtiffly, or domineering proudly cannot do't. Are you in a good Service? keepe it; leaſt when you would have ſuch another, you goe without it; would you thrive? catch Time by the ſhoulder, for if you let him paſſe by, hee comes no more at your call: for Time, though hee bee an old man, is an excellent footman; no Shockatory comes neere him if hee once get the ſtart, hee's gone, and you gone too. If you gather no eares of Corn in the Summer of your youth, in the Winter of Age, you ſhall eat no bread; but either leape at a cruſt, and begge or ſtarve: and then if Povertie and Age walke together, every foot-boy ſhall looke over the ſhoulder at you; and every Scullion in your Ladies Kitchin jeere you; ſcorn'd as an old Woman that was wonton in her youth: Then all your fine fegawes will be rip'd up, and all your follies laid in your diſh: have you at any time done wrong? now it will bee reveng'd in your want and weakneſſe: When an old Lion had never a tooth in's head, then the Aſſe bit him. Are you in a good place? ſtrive to deſerve it: what you get, keep; what you ſpend, make uſe of: Are you truſted? deceive not ſuch a Maſter: By this ſmall harveſt, you may gather golden ſheaffes enough to fill your little Barne; So fare you well. The Serving man offered him halfe his quarters wages, but he would none, and away out at gate he went.

An

An Extortioner *parts with ſo much breath and Time, as to demand his Fortune.*

MOre crowding (quoth *Orletto*,) wee ſhall bee crowded to death: looke out Boy, at the top-Maſt, and ſee what ſhips come ſayling. O Sir (ſaid *Jocuio*, ſome Gally-aſſe richly rigg'd, and I warrant richly laden; 'tis a Man by his face, a Monſter by his clothes, for hee's in a Gowne cleane through Fox'd, yet is he ſober; the haire of his head ſhort as his eye-browes, and yet an ill favoured beard, as if he durſt not truſt a Barber with his Throat; hee drinks Whey ſure, he lookes ſo pale; and his Jackett is faced with a ſcurvy Latine word call'd *Fur*; a ſmall Ruffe, ſet with a Tobacco-pipe; Gloves under his Girdle like an Uſurer, and Rings on his fingers like a Juggler: He thumps again, hee s in haſte, and here he comes tumbling.

The Extortioners *ſpeech.*

IEW Jew, honeſt Sir! Thou art a cunning-man; I am a man out of my wits, for if I ſtay long, I am undone: Not to lie to thee, Gold is my god, Silver my Saint, Bonds are my deare Bookes; an Obligation! better then fat Veniſon; Scriveners are my Cookes; couzening-Brokers my Boyling-men; and Sergeants my Turne-Spits that roaſt Rogues in priſon, till they pay me my ſweet Moneys, hony, hony-Moneys: I am a Lion if I paw an

Heire; a Beare if I fang a Citizen; I am a money-monger of Fortie in the hundred: Now thou knoweſt what I am, (Jew) tell me what I ſhall bee; my Fortune, my Forune, Come ſhall I live long? does not my Wife picke my Counting-houſe? plot not Theeves how to rob mee? and then I hang my ſelfe; ſay, ſay Jew, I'm a Jew too) diſpatch mee.

The Extortioners Fortune.

THat I will (ſaid *Orlotto*) to the Devill, for hee muſt have thee, unleſſe mercie ſave thee: thou art in haſt, and heers thy haſtie Fortune; Thou ſhalt injoy much, yet embrace nothing; ever have, and ever want: thou art Maſter to thy Money, and a ſlave to thy Muck; thou ſhalt live in terror, miſtruſt thy Wife for ſtealing from thee; curſe thy children if they peepe but in at the key-hole where thy Mamon lies. And for this cauſe thy Wife ſhall wiſh thee hang'd, thy children laugh when they goe in mourning; and being dead, a thouſand peales of dire execrations throw thee into thy grave, upon which, poor men whom thou haſt rackt in prizes, ſhal dance for joy; and tottered Beggers, (whom thou calledſt thy dogges) piſſe there on thy face in ſcorne; Out, out, Cur-Jew, cried the Mydas, and ſo hobled home, as faſt as his legges could trot under him.

The Glutton comes to know his Fortune.

WEe ſhall never be quiet (ſaid *Orlotto*) another beates, looke out *Ioculo*, what cuſtomer now, who is it?

O Sir, (cried the Garſoon, an Elephant; no, 'tis a man roll'd hither in a Dry-fat, how he tumbles; ſome Whale ſure gotten to land, no; 'tis a Manning-tree Oxe with a pudding in his belly: I'm afraid 'tis the *Grecian* horſe, for in he cannot come, unleſſe you breake downe your gates; ſo, ſo, hee's entred with much adoe, like a Gentlewoman with a huge bum; now hee ſquats downe, how he blowes, for hee is broken winded. But ſir, ſir, now I take a full view of him, I know the beaſt; and have ſeen him wallow in the ſtreets: deſcribe the monſter as thou paint ſt him out ſaid his Maſter; yes ſir, (quoth the Ladde) and this it is;

A Character of the Glutton.

HEe's a great man, yet a Conſtable carries more authoritie: let his conſort be never ſo merry, hee is ever heavy; no Herauld can give a Lord greater and fairer Armes; hee is no Three-penie ordinarie dinner: when *Wood* (the huge eater in *Kent*, has devour'd a Porkling of 7 ſhil. a breſt of veal, 12

couple of Rabbets, and as many Puddings as will make Rayles round about *More-fields*, this greedy-gut ſhall ſwallow him: he cranches Capons, as faſt as an Ape cracks Nuts; he toſſes a Pike (if it be in White-broth) better then any Souldier: he is, a curſe to Paſties; a tormenter of Poultry, a ſepulchre to Lobſters; a terrible Sheep-biter; a horrible Mutton-monger; a Gorbelly-Glutton: See, ſir, the Beare is at Stake.

The Gluttons *ſpeech.*

A Chaire, a Chaire, ſweet Maſter Jew, a Chaire: All that I ſay, is this, I'me a fat man it has been a Weſt-Indian voyage for me to come reeking hither; A Kitchin ſtuffe-wench might pick up a living, by following me, for the fat which I looſe in ſtradling: I doe not live by the ſweat of my brows, but am almoſt dead with ſweating, I eate much, but can talke little; Sir *Iohn Old-caſtle* was my great grand-fathers fathers Uncle, I come of a huge kindred, And of you deſire to learne, whether my Fortune be to die a yeere, or two, hence, or to grow bigger, if I continue as I doe in feeding, (for, my victuals I cannot leave:) Say, ſay, mercifull Jew, what ſhall become of me.

The Gluttons *Fortune.*

BEfore your Fortune comes (ſaid *Orlotto*) Take ſome counſell. You ſay, you are a fat man; I ſee it, you feele it: How came you ſo fat? by feeding: And why fed you ſo much? becauſe you are one of Natures Monſters, that eate of your owne Mother.

Mother. Man is not borne a Glutton, he makes himſelfe one; your Belly is your god, and a Cooke the Saint you pray to; A full table is your bleſſing, and yet, a full table is your curſe; By eating a great deale, you eat up your ſelfe; for like an Oxe, the fatter he growes, the ſooner he goes to the ſlaughter; ſo you ſhorten your journey to the land of Wormes; You ſit upon thornes, And upon this Thorne growes your Fortune.

Your Body (as it is) ſhall ever be an Hoſpitall full of Diſeaſes; your Minde, a thick Mud, a ſtanding Puddle; your Soule dwells in a ſtinking houſe, yet was brought up to be an excellent houſewife; your Gutts ſhall, to your dying day, be a Dunghill; Here is your miſery, No woman ſhall marry you, had you never ſo much, or if any do, ſhe ſhall loathe to lie by ſuch a mountaine of uglineſſe; your Countrey will hate you, becauſe ſhe knowes not how to imploy you, for you are fit for nothing, but to eat, drinke, and ſleep; by which meanes you are an idle man, and an idle man is the Devills Cuſhion. All the good you can do, you ſhall make an excellent Feaſt in your grave; Pray for a Famine, for if that Surgeon cannot worke upon your body, and eate away the proud fleſh, ſuch a plentifull yeere as this, muſt put you to the charge of a longer girdle, ſo that you ſhall never live in any compaſſe, untill a Coffin imbrace you, for which I wiſh you provide; let your Soule feed upon heavenly Manna, you have too much earth in you, ſo take heed you be not benighted. Fare you well. Ile fare as well as I can (anſweted he) and tumbled away.

A Iealous Man comes to know his Fortune.

IS this Beaſt mad (cried the Jew) that keepes this rapping in ſuch haſt? let him coole his heeles, and know better manners; who is it *Ioculo?*

A melancholy Hee-Cat (ſir) ſaid the cracke, a wilde man, a ſtaring man; hee looks behinde him, as if a Kennell of Citie-hounds had him in chace: hee ſighes, and beats his breaſt, and wrings his hands; ſome penitent Chriſtian: Hoyda! now he ſtamps, (I gueſſe what hee is) and feeles for Bumpes in his forehead.

Some jealous foole (ſaid *Orlotto*) I warrant, if it be, he's his owne Beadle, and needs no other Executioner. Is his Wife faire? though never ſo honeſt, ſhe's falſe: Is ſhe witty? ſhe's then (he ſayes) a wanton; ſpeakes any Gallant to her, hee wooes her; ſmiles ſhee on him, there's a promiſe: Is ſhee merry at home? 'tis but to mocke him; is ſhe ſad? ſhe will anon be merry abroad: Is ſhe gone forth? then his head akes, and heart pants; ſtayes ſhee out long, then hee's horn mad; and runs bellowing like a Bull, up and downe to finde his Cow. And ſee ſir (ſaid *Ioculo*) hee's broke looſe and come in.

The Iealous mans ſpeech.

ORlotto ſeeing the man ſo gaſtly and wilde in his lookes, ſtaring round about him; asked him, what he made there, and what he would have.

A

A Wife — a Wife, a Wife (honeſt father Jew) I would have, That's the thing I looke for; I ſhall finde her ſoone, but I feare I feele her now on my forehead; Shee's wonderous faire in mine eye, and red Queen-Apples are tempting fruit: If ſhe ſits in my ſhop, my ſtalle is my hell, feathered Gallants talke to her, cheapning her, take her by the hand, looke Babies in her eyes; I am then full of Cuſtomers, a — foole to ſuch Cuſtomers; ſend her away, No body cheapens any thing: Shee's my heaven, Shee's my hell: O deare Jew tell me, Am I a Cuckold or no! put my head out of this miſerable paine, I ſhall run mad elſe; what! what! O, ſay, in a word, what's my Fortune, my hard Cornuted-Fortune.

The Iealous-mans Fortune.

YOur Fortune (ſaid *Orlotto*) whatſoever Fate ſets downe in her unchangeable booke for you, you (in ſpite of Fate) will have ſuch a Fortune, as your own head (without your Wifes hand) thruſts upon you: you will cry up your ſelfe a Cuckold, be your Wife as chaſte as you, and muſt winde a Horne, albeit you weare none. Feare makes you fooliſh; and a confidence that your Wife is falſe, leaves you diſtruſtfull. Cannot a Woman be hanſome, but ſhee's a Harlot? can ſhe not be abſent, but ſhe playes foule? But ſay your feares were true, why do you torment your Soule, when ther's no remedy? Sores paſt Cure, ſhould be paſt Care; that which is done, cannot be undone: If ſhe be a good wife, you wrong her to make her bad; If ſhe

be bad, all your raving cannot make her good; it is not the worke of man, ſuch wonders are wrought by Heaven. Is ſhe (for all your idle and cauſeleſſe Jealouſie) Chaſt? why then, no woing can tempt her, no gold overcome her, no pleaſure poyſon her, no peeviſhneſſe of yours, make her crooked. But if ſhe will be looſe, you ſhall never binde her; if ſhe will, ſhe will. Locks ſhall not barre her, nor Doores impriſon her, nor Stone-walls ram her up; if her minde hath wings, over will ſhe flie, and her body ſhall mount.

Your Fortune therefore is; If you cannot alter your beliefe, then you ſhall be your owne Martyr, ſtill living in torments, never-dying in them, till they and you die together: your body ſhall grow leane with fretting; your face pale with your feares; your goods melt away by your careleſſeneſſe; yet you full of Care: Age will clap you on the ſhoulder, whil'ſt you are yong, and your head grow white before you are old. Your Children you will not love, becauſe you ſuſpect they are Baſtards: your meat you will hardly touch, miſtruſting ſhee will poyſon it: you ſhall never be merry at heart, never ſleepe ſoundly, never ſit, but ſigh; never walke, but diſtracted; And never die, but in deſpaire to leave her to any other, whom you ſo deſire to ingroſſe to your ſelfe. Your beſt way, is to thinke the beſt, and judge the beſt. —Ptrooh (cryed he) Beware-Hornes, and ſo, like an Oxe, broke looſe and ran out at gate.

A Lover *comes to know his Fortune.*

WHo next (ſaid *Orlotto*?) I heare one at gate, and tis a temperate knocker, What is he? O ſir, ſaid *Ioculo*, 'Tis a pale yong man, his eyes are ſunk in's head, Cheekes leane, and Lips bloodleſſe; very neat in Gloathes, his Armes a-croſſe, ſo hard preſſing his ſtomack, that out flyes a Sigh, and hangs at his Band-ſtring, tumbling there in a little hoope of Gold. Now he reades, And now he ſighs agen, and turnes up the white o'th eye.

By all theſe dead Colours, he ſhould, ſaid *Orlotto*, be ſome *Inamorato*, ſome paſſionate Lover. O, he's here of himſelfe: Young-man, you are welcome, What ayle your eyes? have you bin crying?

Crying! (ſaid he) O eyes! no eyes but fountains full of Teares. A line in *Ieronimo* (cryed the Boy.)

The Lovers *ſpeech.*

I Confeſſe it, ſaid the Lover, 'tis in *Ieronimo*, and I am *Ieronimo*; for I have a ſon murdred; the ſonne of my mother is made away by the cruelty of a Maid; I am *Iphis*, She *Anaxarete*: Sir, I am by profeſſion, a Puny-Clerke, and ſerve in the Chancery; my Maſters daughters eyes has bewitcht me, and I am mad, directly mad. Sayes *Orlotto*, Doth the Maid love you? Love me! cryed out the Lover, with a head hung aſide, and hands heav'd up. This is *Daniels Delia*, cryed *Ioculo*. True ſaid th'other, for I am *Daniel*, ſhee my *Delia*:

O had ſhe not been faire, and ſo unkinde,
My Muſe had ſlept; and none had knowne her minde.

Were it not (admired *Hebrew*) that I fed upon theſe ſcrapps of Poetry, this Maid would famiſh me: I am as I ſaid before, a Chancery Moate playing in the Sun-beames of that conſcionable Court; a true Chancery-man has but one Pen, ſo have I, one pen, one miſtris: and yet for all the Bills of Complaint, which I draw, and put up to her beauty, ſhee ſerves me ſtill with *Sub-pæna* upon *Sub-pæna*, to anſwer to the Intergatories of her cruelty: She has Demurs, and Replications, and Rejoynders; but my caſe hangs, and no order can I get ſet downe in this tedious Court of *Cupid*, ſhe undoes me at my very desk; for when I am copying out a Bill with 12, or 14 lines in a ſheet, if I but thinke on her, I laſh out ſuch wide ſtradling F F. that my conſcience methinks, runs between the gowty legs of them.

The Lovers Fortune.

TO whom, the Jew, thus: Yong-man, I am ſorry you ſo over-conceit my ability, to imagine I can call downe a Starre, or that a Starre can come at my call, to ſatisfie you, or any man in ſuch an idleneſſe.

You ſay, you are a Clarke, and Clarkes ſhould have ſome ſeeds of Schollers in them. Remember, *Otia ſi tollas*, follow the heeles of your Law, and looke not at the fine foot of your Miſtreſſe; ply your Chancery-deske, and forget your Maſters Coy Daughter, if ſhe moves in a ſphear too high for you, ſtand not ſtaring up, leaſt duſt fall into your eyes:

you

you are young, and handſome, and may meet her equall, to like you better, and love you better; whiſtle not a hauke to your fiſt, that is haggard; let her alone, till ſome other lures her downe: ſee this coy Thing married, and bear Children, and looke pale and leane, and ill-favour'd, hear her tongue to her husband, ſee her pride over her Servants, and then, be glad thou haſt miſſed ſuch a torment: but if no counſell can warne you, Then here is your Fortune.

You ſhall lie on your backe (in your bed) like an Aſtronomer, to take the height of this Starre, yet never reach it: an Ague cannot ſo ſhake you, as this ſickneſſe; it will turne to our *Cupids* Calentures in time, and make you throw your ſelfe over-board into a deſperate Grave; you ſhall ſave much meate by your faſting, but will have drinke in abundance from your eyes; one ſigh is too much to caſt away upon a cruell-one: but you by your ſighing, will be nothing but ayre; no mourners ſhall come to your Funerall, for the death of a meere Lover, is ridiculous; you ſhould bee buried naked, becauſe Love goes ſo, and your eyes thruſt out by *Cupids* Arrows, becauſe having ſight given to an excellent end, (to looke up to Heaven, and to practiſe Aſtrologicall concluſions upon that Cœleſtiall Globe) when upon Earth, your eye is made Surveyor of all the great works under the King of kings: you toſſe the balls of thoſe eyes, onely at the beauty of a fooliſh yong wanton, who with diſdaine, bandies them back into your owne boſome. You delight I ſee to deale a little in Verſe, your Fortune ſhall bee ſhut up in Verſe.

That Lover, whom proud beauty makes more bold,
Sits by a painted fire; dyes through cold.

The Lover went away, with this onely in his mouth,
Hei mihi quod nullis amor eſt medicabilis herbis.

Ah! wo is me, no Phyſicke can diſcover,
Where that herb grows, which cures a wounded Lover.

A Witch comes to know her Fortune.

THe Lover, (who ſaid hee was bewitched) was no ſooner gone, but a Witch came in; for the Gates flew open as if the Divell had been a Fencer, to make way before her. At ſight of this ſtrange apparition, bleſſe us (ſaid *Ioculo*) I have been in *Lapland*, and here I thinke comes one of the bear-ey'd Bell-dames, with a hand-kercher tyed full of knots to ſell a winde to us.

The Witches ſpeech.

HAile Jew (quoth the Witch ſo ſoone as ſhe ſpied him,) I could finde in my heart, to call down the Moone by a Charme, I am ſo vex'd; poor hobling old Woman, I pluck down the Moone! ſo can I turne Bun-hill yonder into the higheſt mountaine in the World, and all-one. My ſtaffe here carries my ſhrievell'd carcaſſe no ſooner through the ſtreets

ſtreets but men jeere mee, out Witch cry women, whilſt the boyes hoot, fling ſtones, and runne afore me, with a Witch, a Witch, a Witch, only in their mouthes; would I endure this, if I were a Witch? if I were a Witch, would I not be reveng'd? I would, I would by *Snap*, *Tracer*, *Smirk*, if there be any ſuch ſpirits. But I would know by theſe barking Currs why they thus bite at me? why bite they not the glorious Witches in the kingdome? why bite they not them? why burne they not them? are there not gay painted Witches, hurried in Caroches? from whoſe eyes, Luſt kindles Bone-fires? from whoſe naked paps (laid out) wantons ſuck the milk of time; are there not ruffling Sattin-Witches, that turne whole Lordſhips to Wardrobes of rich clothes; that turn Acres into gold Lace, Ploughs and Teams into *Flanders* Mares and Coches? are there not City-Witches, that turne their husbands Shoppes of wares to ſumptuous Tables, and cloſe garden riots; waſting more in one yeere, then was ſcraped together in ſeven? Theſe are the fine Witches, and none dare abuſe them; but becauſe I am a deformed creature, I am a courſe Witch, and every body tels me I ſhall be burnt; for what am I to be burnt? for curſing yong rogues that follow me, they die within a day or two; muſt I therfore bewitch them? tell me now thou ſweet fac'd Jew, what ſhall become of me? ſhall *Newgate* be my Inne? is't my Fortune to have a good fire to warme me ere I die? fetch then the Faggots and the Reeds, for I am weary of this World. Say Jew, what's my Fortune?

The Witches Fortune.

TO whom, *Orlotto*, thus; Woman, that thou art a Witch, or no; for all thy opinion of my skill is beyond my knowledge: But if thou art one, then will I tell thee what Monſter thou art.

A Witch, is the Devills Otter-hound, living both on Land and Sea, and doing miſchiefe in either; ſhe kills more beaſts, then a licenſed Butcher in Lent, yet is nere the fatter; ſhee's but a dry Nurſe for the Fleſh, yet gives ſuck to the Spirit. A Witch! rides many times poaſt on helliſh buſineſſes, yet if a Ladder do but ſtop her, ſhee'll be hang'd ere ſhee goes any further. In all her life-time ſhee has but one Cauſe tryed at Law, and where others pay for expedition, ſhe findes ſuch diſpatch, that in three or foure dayes at moſt, ſhe hath both Judgement and Execution come forth.

A Hangman is the laſt man ſhe parts with, from whom if ſhe askes any thing, he puts her off: when her life is weighing Anchor, and hoyſing Saile, her ſhip (the Conſcience) is of a great burden, and unleſſe ſhe hath mighty helpe to caſt all her Sinnes over-Board, her lading is loſt for ever, in turning of a hand. What death ſoever ſhee's put to, ſhee can be no Martyr, yet ſuffers for the Truth. A Witch, This is the Picture; If you bee the Perſon, And mend not your life, (alter not your courſes) This is your Fortune, *To die wretchedly*, And after death, *Live miſerable Eternally.*

The old Woman limp'd Grumbling, Mumbling, and Curſing, away.

A

A Roaring Boy, *comes to know his Fortune.*

AS the Witch ſtumbled out at the Gate, a Gallant all in Scarlet, met her, and had almoſt juſſelled her downe; at which ſhe went away muttering, and he came forward laughing: who is that (ſaid *Orlotto*) is ſo merry; ſome Morris-dancer? what's that rings ſo? O (quoth the Boy) Mr. this is a brave man, in a long horſe-mans Coat, (or gown rather) down to his heels, daub'd thicke with gold Lace; a huge Feather in his ſpangled Hat, a Lock to his ſhoulders playing with the Winde, a *Steeletto* hanging at his Girdle; Belt and Sword embracing his body, and the ring of Bells you heare, are his gingling Cathern-wheele ſpurs. See ſir, here comes the leader of the *Myrmidons*.

Wher's this Jew (cried the Ruffler,) your buſineſſe (ſaid *Orlotto*.)

The Roaring Boyes *ſpeech.*

O (Quoth he) are you this rare fellow? Jew, I would have thee know, I am a man of the Sword; a Battoon Gallant, one of our Dammees, a bouncing Boy, a kicker of Bawdes, a tyrant over Puncks, a terrour to Fencers, a mewer of Playes, a jeerer of Poets, a gallon-pot-flinger, in rugged Engliſh, a Roarer. Fighting is my food, Blood my drink, quarrell my glory, ſtabbing my triumph; out of

wounds I drinke healths, and out of healths I beget wounds. A man I kill'd but laſt weeke, and am bound to anſwer it, *A fico*; I care not this: he that dares fight, dares dye; and he that dares dye, makes a foole of Life.

Some would not kill a man for the World, and what care I if I had ſtab'd a World? your greater kill-cowes have ever (beſides Butchers) beene the braveſt men. Jew, I have read Hiſtory, and Chronicles; and am ſuch a Duelliſt, that it fattens me, and nattens mee, when I heare of a Combat well perform'd; gaſhes, and ſlaſhes I honour, knee-deep in Gore, oh! then I Roare.

Ever ſince man was made a Cutler, killing has been in faſhion; men and women have been good at it: *Medea*, kild her Brother; *Jugurth*, his; *Antiochus* the Great, his; *Romulus*, his; an *Engliſh* King firſt thruſt out his Brothers eyes, then kild him with ſtarving. *Alexius*, (a fine roague) kill'd *Iſaac Angelus* the Emperour, who brought him from the Oar, and the Bulls-pizle. *Nero*, kild his Mother; Husbands have kill'd their Wives, Wives their Husbands; Kings, their Queenes; Queenes, their Kings. The King of *Pontus* ſlew his Wife *Laodice*; That cuckolds Brother (*Agamemnon*) dyed by his Wifes treachery. Theſe ſtories I love, theſe Tragedies are my Comedies; why (Jew) doſt thou ſo eye my Habit, is't not rich? is't not brave? yes ſaid *Orlando*, but ſomewhat phantaſticke; ſo much the better, (cry'd the other) the more phantaſticke men and women are, the ſooner Faſhions alter; the more they alter, the more worke has the Tayler; the more work he does,

does, the richer he growes; the richer the Subject growes, more honour to the Country, and therefore nothing is loſt by phantaſticallity. But now Jew to the cauſe of my coming, I would faine know of thee what luck, Good or Bad, that Whore, Fortune, purpoſes to conferre upon me.

The Roaring Boy, *his Fortune.*

SIR, what lies within the Circle of my apprehenſion, ſhall be yours; you ſay you are a Roarer, Lions roare, and yet at one time or other are outroar'd: delight you in blood? your delight will be your downfall; Judges ſit in Scarlet to condemn men, and a Crimſon ſword ſhall condemn you: nothing is ſo ſuperſtitious as the life of man, and nothing ſo pernitious as to ſpill it; the anoynting of Kings is not ſo ſacred, as the ſlucing out of blood is deteſtable: when man loves man, he lives with his Maker; when man kils man, hee dwels (without repentance) with the Devill. Your Fortune is, if you goe on in your Roaring, on in your fighting, on in your ſtabbing, on in your killing; you ſhall be fear'd by ſome, hated by All: none will pray for you but Surgeons; but the Wife and Children, kindred, and friends of him whom you have kild, or whom you ſhall kill, will curſe you for ever.

After your quarrels, your ſtabbing and fighting, your ſleeps will be full of frights, your walking by day ful of feares, of Conſtables, and Warrants, and Piſtols, ſo to bee kild ſuddenly, and unprepar'd for mercy is dreadfull; and you muſt look ſo to dye, if you compell others to dye ſo, your life being a con-

tinuall Warre, what peace can attend upon your death. This is all I can ſay to you, the path to Heaven, is a milky way; not a bloudy: that milky way is for milk-ſhoppes (cryed the Roarer) and ſo farewell Jew.

The voluntary Banckrupt would know his Fortune.

WHo comes next ſaid *Orlotto*? one knocks, looke out *Ioculo*, I know not (ſaid hee) what he is, but it ſeems to be ſome Aldermans deputy by his Beard; a Church-warden by his gravity, and a Conſtable by his ſurly face. Judge elſe, he's here.

The Banckrupts ſpeech.

LEarned Jew, wiſedome ever attend you; ſir, I am a Citizen, and my ambition is, to beare up the reputation of ſuch a name: I love to ſwimme, but it is death for me to ſink; to be call'd a wealthy Citizen, is my minde, as great an honour as to bee call'd *Bethlem-Gabor*, or *Spinola*, or *Tilley*, they fight for glory, (and we Citizens ſtrive for Riches) and is more glorious, than to muſter an Army of golden angels on a Table.

The ſecrets of many Trades I know; and their od wayes, tricks, devices, pollicies, knaveries to get money; and none dare tax them: none will, becauſe all (for the moſt part) are Black-a-Mores as well as them-

themſelves: who in an Hoſpitall, will upbraid his fellow with my diſeaſe, when hee that reviles the other, lies himſelfe there ſick of the Pox? I, ſeeing this corruption in all Profeſſions, doe not greatly care to be corrupt too: being among Crows, why ſhould not I bee ravenous, and learne to pecke out eyes? when all the people in the World are Doves, then will I be a Turtle.

Some care not whom they undoe, ſo they may ſcrape Pelfe together; I think therefore it is no great ſinne to undoe the undoers. A voluntary Banckrupt then is a neceſſary member in a City; a ſword of Juſtice, to puniſh offenders; a good Ant before-hand in Summer to bee armed for Winter: an indulgent nurſe to himſelf, and a carefull Father to his Family. Is it not a wretched reproach for a man, a Citizen, a great Trader, a buſie Shop-keeper to leave his Wife poor, and his Children beggars? that ſcandall will I fan off from mine, and my poſterity: for (Jew) I am not aſham'd to tell you, that I have playd the Jew with my Chriſtian-brother Citizens, have got into my hands the goods of many, to enrich one, (that's my ſelfe;) what care I for being call'd Banckrupt: why ſhould *Ludgate* be more diſgrace to me than any other Gate? do I not ſee a company of brave fellows live there? are not their fine Wives, as merry with them there, as at home? have they not Paſties of Veniſon there, and bottles of Wine upon bottles? are they not full of Gold and Silver? can they not lye at their owne houſes, when they liſt, and walke abroad when they liſt; if there be not the clogge of an Execution tyed to their legge?

who then would not breake? who would not lie there? O! but to lie there, and ſpend other mens money! doe not all Shop-keepers, that ſweare and lie put off bad Commodities, ſpend others eſtates ſo too?

I would gladly therefore (O noble Jew) bee informed from your knowledge in the influences of the Stars, what Fortune ſhall be miſtreſſe over theſe goods, thus gotten; and what honor I may raiſe my ſelfe and Children to, if the goods can bee kept together.

The voluntary Banckrupts *Fortune.*

TO whom the Jew thus replyed, to take a Purſe by the High-way, albeit it bee manly, yet it is villany: he yet ventures his life in the taking of it, and his neck, when it is taken; a traveller may bee arm'd againſt ſuch a miſchiefe: the Thiefe robs but one; O! but to get mens goods, by a faire way of friendly trading; and then to impoveriſh the owner of them, what robbery is like it? there are many wayes to prevent a Thiefe, a voluntary Banckrupt, none. Such a Land-Pirat ſteals not from one, but from hundreds; he does undoe Towns in the Country, if he deales with Chapmen, whole ſtreets in the City; whole Families in ſeverall Pariſhes. What Fortune now, thinke you, can attend upon ſuch doings. This Fortune, and this ſhall be yours.

If either by cozenage, tricks in Law, or by any other divelliſh net; you goe a fiſhing for other mens eſtates, you ſhall have the curſe of maſters of families, the wo-worths of mothers, the lack-and-well-adaes

adaes of Children; and the bitter execrations of Servants. You ſhall bee all your life-time counted but a Thiefe, your Wife pointed at, for jetting in ſtolne feathers; and your children hated worſe than Baſtards: flouriſh you may a while in the World, you may laugh, drinke Wine, and be free from Priſon, upon paying Ten groats or ſo in the Pound; and then you may ſet up againe, and breake againe; and play the Thiefe againe, but the hanging comes in the end.

You Break, and 'tis a proper word, for you break the hearts of undone Citizens; what follows? when you come to die, there s no breaking away then; to come to die, makes a foole of all your cunning; all your cozenage: to come to die, puzzels the moſt politicke Banckrupt; hee's never put to his trumps but at that hour: It is the terrible reckoning (then) the fearfulleſt caſting up what every mans Ware comes to, whom you have cheated; the hardeſt leſſon that fleſh and bloud can take forth: you ſhall on your death-bed Rave, and Sweare. you ſee undone Orphans crying, and wringing their hands; your ſinnes will ſtand round about you: conſcience (all ſpotted) ringing one Bell in your right eare, and deſpaire, another in the left: hell gaping for his ſhare, the grave for his; and then if an arme Omnipotent flings not by the Curtains, to take you by the hand, with a voice; crying. Reſtore thy ſtolne goods; and then come away, and fear nothing: what a miſerable Fortune will this bee to you. The Banckrupt held down his head, as aſham'd; ſaid nothing, and ſo parted.

A Sergeant *of London comes to know his Fortune.*

WHo is that (ſaid *Orlotto*) that beates with ſuch authority? Marry, ſayes the Boy, by his quick eye, a Mace in his hand, and a Gowne on his back, It ſhould be an Officer. I feare no arreſts, quoth the Jew, Call him in.

The Sergeants *ſpeech.*

THo I come to thee, learned Sir, with this Copper Peſtle in my hand, it is to ſhew you what I am (a Sergeant of *London*:) What I have been, is delivered in three words, (A Citizen of *London*, A broken Citizen,) and yet having ſome money in my hands, I laid by my trade, and bought this Office. I know, the ſight of ſuch a Gowne, hath put many into Agues: This Scepter of authority (but laid on a mans ſhoulder) hath bruiſed all his Bones, yet Mace is wholeſome. Many, in ſcorne, call us (by a baſe nick-name) *Catchpolls*, But what care I for that, when I know the Profeſſion is honeſt, and a Chriſtian Calling. When Knights and Swaggerers in the world, take up Commodities, and run in debt to honeſt Shop-keepers, And that they (like a guard of Muffes) every morning, waite at their doores to get their money, yet come without it; Then the honeſt Officer has a Charme in his hand to fetch in all ſuch Debts: What a ſweet Chime in the

the eare of a Citizen is, I arreſt you, to a Gallant that is deepe in his books? were it not for men of my Coate, how many ſhop-keepers would bee undone? what frayes, and what frights would there be in the City by Roarers; but that they dare not come hither for feare of our faces? this looke of mine, through a red Lattice, has been as killing, as a Muſquet out of a Loop-hole.

And what doe we, when lovingly we embrace a mans middle; wee come behinde him, becauſe wee would not fright him too much; and to ſhew wee are good ſubjects, we Arreſt all in the Kings name.

Arreſt! O ſweet word! O word of peace! for, when Gentlemen are weary with Riding, or trotting after Lawyers; we bring them to a Reſt, a quiet Reſt: we are their Doctors, they our Patients; and what Phyſicke doe we miniſter? none but gentle phyſick at firſt; a cup of Burnt-wine in a Tavern in Winter, or Wine and Sugar in Summer: if theſe Gliſters cannot give them eaſie ſtooles, then wee gently lead them into the Compter, and there give them a vomit, to fetch up all the melancholly ſtuffing in their bodies: and what is the Compter? is it not a Colledge where they may ſtudy? is it not the Paper-houſe, a Book, where they may read what they are, and learne to turne over a new leafe? yes ſure.

Now Sir, all I deſire at your hands, is to know whether by my place (my trade of ſhoulder-clapping) I ſhall ever come to any good, or no; that is, whether I ſhall ever be Rich.

The Sergeants *Fortune.*

YOu may, if you get your mony with no rugged hands. If you rack Gentlemen, when they are in your hands, Take heed of the Temple-garden, leſt you fall into the Thames. If you hale a poore Tradeſman to priſon, he crying, He ſhall never come out, but is undone for ever, And that you know before he is arreſted, that it will undoe him; your Fortune will be one day, to finde a flaw in your Conſcience for that Fee ſo taken. If you care not how deſperately you venture on Gallants, becauſe if they cut or ſtab you, you ſuck money out of wounds, and recover, by Law, great ſummes for little ſcratches; Your Fortune ſhall be to ſcape, One, Two, or Three ſuch Roaring Degoes, but a fourth will give you that which you can never recover. I doe not diſcommend your Calling, but your Cruelty: uſe all men gently, and then, ſome ſhall ſpeake nobly of you, and give you that Character which ſticks upon few of your Tribe, *An honeſt Sergeant.* Hee thanked him, and offered to Arreſt for him, either Jew, or Chriſtian: and ſo tooke his leave, to waite on the Sheriffe his Maſter.

A Thiefe *comes to know his Fortune.*

LOoke out Boy (ſaid *Orlotto*) Another knocks. I ſee (quoth *Ioculo*) a man, and a Head ſtanding upon ſhoulders, but it has no face, That's muffled in a Cloake lined through with Velvet. The Head has a long Lock, and a thick Buſh, It may be a Thiefe lurks in it. See, ſir, hee's come.

Are you, (ſaid the Thiefe) that Jew ſo talked on for your skill? What's your buſineſſe ſaid *Orlotto*?

The Thiefes *ſpeech.*

I Am then (noble Jew) a Gentleman by birth, and a younger Brother, by the ſluggiſhneſſe of my Father, who made not haſte enough to beget me, before the reſt of my brothers; So that having no lands left me, I make ſhift to pick out a living at my fingers ends. I have been a Thiefe theſe fifteen yeeres, and am not yet aſhamed of my Occupation. Why (if I be the Kings Subject) ſhall not the Kings High-way allow me Maintenance, when no body elſe will?

I ſee, every Seſſions, Carts full drawne up Holbourne, Farewell they, theſe are Riff-raffe Theeves, the Scum of a State, Pilferers, Pick-pockets, and Cut-purſes: But a brave Purſe-taker, is the Great-Turke of Cavileroes, to ſuch baſtardly Handy-Crafts.

To play the Thiefe, is a part ſtudied both by Sea and Land: Men in dicing will juggle in falſe ones, and what's that but Thriving? All that are voluntary Bankrupts are Theeves. How many Rich men ſteale to the beds of Whores? And how many faire Women, to the beds of Knaves? If then, examples can give priviledges, my Robbing is warrantable. A luſty, hardy, tall Thiefe, who (tho himſelfe rides on a good Gelding, yet cryes to him whom hee meets, Stand) may be a Leader of men; for he does ſuch Courtiſies to them on the way, that he bindes them to him. All Executors that rob Orphans of their portions, are Theeves, and deſerve more to be hang'd then a Purſer. A Purſer is a good place, in a ſhip, but I hold my Purſing-place better on ſhore. I pray, Jew, tell me whether I was not borne under *Mercury*, (for he is the Thiefes Planet) and what, if I continue in my Trade, I muſt truſt too? My Fortune, ſpeake quickly.

The Thiefes Fortune.

YOu muſt, ſaid *Orlotto*, truſt to be Truſſed up. And ſo farewell.

Jew, quoth he, would I had thee but on *Gads-hill*, I am not Noos'd yet: and ſo ſtole away as he came in, Muffled.

A Hang-man *comes to know his Fortune.*

AS the Thiefe went out at gate, one met him. Is there any body elſe, ſaid *Orlotto*, Yes, ſaid *Ioculo*, I ſee one comming, who meeting the Purſy Gallant full at gate, looked back at him, ſhooke his head, and lifted up one finger, as if he ſhould ſay, Aha! do I know thee. What he is, let himſelfe tell you, for this is the party.

The Hangmans *ſpeech.*

WHich, I pray, is the Cunning-man, ſaid he? I met a Yonker at your gate, who if he came to looke his Fortune, might have ſaved his labour, and found out me; I know him, and ſhall one day, I feare, tell him the laſt Fortune that ever he ſhall lay hold on.

Why, ſaid *Orlotto*, what are you? I am, quoth he, a man that have few fellowes in *England*; no Butcher, yet deale altogether in Mans and Womans fleſh, yet, for all that, I am no Caniball. I am the Ladder of the Law, by which many Malefactors climbe up the ſteps of Reformation: No grand Jury-man am I, yet ſit upon life and death as often as any of them doth. A Rope-maker is my back friend, yet my man: A Carman drives my Coach, and the Sergeants of *London* are my guard of Billmen. I am no Gentleman borne, yet ſometimes keepe Gentlemen at my heels, for I have land (a little piece of ground)

on this ſide *Paddington*, and ſuch as are my Tenants, there pay me what we bargaine for; all this deſcription of my ſelfe, ſhews, that albeit I met a tall rank Thiefe at your gates, yet I am a true hangman, an officer of the City by my place, and at all Executions of Juſtice I am ſeated higheſt, for all the other Officers are under me: a hangman (ſome thinke, 'tis a word of diſgrace, a title of infamy.) What are they then that behind their backs hang one another? for my part I make peace, and draw quarrelling companies to a-Cord: your roaring Boyes whom whole ſtreets of Conſtables (now and then) cannot tame, when they come under my fingers, are as huſh'd as Schoole-boyes.

Why then is the trade of hanging ſuch a reproach to me? is it not a word uſed in Noble-mens houſes as an honour to ſuch places, theſe are coſtly rich hangings? when a Lady is paſſionate, and full of ſorrow, do you not ſay ſhe hangs the head? do not Women hang about their husbands neckes, and innocent Children about their Mothers. This word hanging is no ſuch ſcurvy *Engliſh* as the Gallowes-Audience take it to be; the word is ancient, and ſignifies much: to ſome it is a Deaths head; the very ſound of the word (hanging) makes many a one that is altogether unlettered, to fall to his Booke, and learne his Neck-verſe: how many baſe fellowes whom ſome thought would never have come to good, yet in my company do not only pray heartily themſelves, but requeſt others to pray for them? You now know who I am, and with what Broome I uſe to ſweepe the Common-wealth of Enormities:

yet

yet becauſe I am hated, revil'd by crack-halters, ſcolded at by fiſh-wives, and oftentimes after an Execution, almoſt beaten to death by them. I pray (Mr. Jew) beſtow a caſt of your Office upon me (a poor member of the law) by telling me my Fortune whether I ſhall die in my bed, or no, or what elſe ſhal happen to me; and if ever any theeving *Tartarian* ſhould break in upon you, I will with both hands nimbly lend a caſt of my office to him.

The Hangmans *Fortune.*

SAyes *Orlotto*, I ſhould be ſorry ever to trouble you that way (in your Precinct:) what you are, I know by the woefull experience of others; a Retainer to a violent Death; and a kind of Purveyor to him, taking up his proviſion, as Axes, Ropes, Cords, Knives, Gibbets, Racks, Ladders, &c. your place in the garden of a State is to cut downe Briers, and pluck up Weeds: your office (if you call it an office) is, I confeſſe, as neceſſary as a Surgeons; hee cures Wounds, you Wickednes. Shall I tell you in what account a fellow of your hempen qualities is held in *Germany*? when he comes to take his oath, there's a new ſtool made for him, upon which he ſits bare-headed before the Burgers (his Maſters) and there laying his hand on a Book, he's ſworn to betray Father, Mother, Kindred, Friend, or Foe: and there being bidden to riſe up (Thief-leader;) He has a kicke on the taile given him, and the ſtoole before his face, burnt in the fire; prepared for that purpoſe onely, as unfit for any other man to ſit upon it; Any one that doth but drinke with him, being thought a *Schellum*, and as infamous as the Carni-

Carnifex himſelfe, but in *England* you are not ſo branded. Would you know your Fortune? If all the World were honeſt, you might goe hang your ſelfe; for you ſhould (elſe) have no Worke; the diſeaſes of a City muſt keepe you ſound; the worſer the Rabble or Rogues are, the better you thrive: Witches, Traytors, and Murderers, ſhall be to your laſt day your beſt Benefactors; and yet for all your Wardrobes of hanged mens clothes; for all your dozen of ſhirts at a time made at the Gallowes, you muſt be content to live a Threed-bare Knave, and die a begger.

No bleſſing can follow ſuch a curſed tormenter; thy dreams ſhall be of nothing but of wry mouthes, blabbed tongues, knots under the eare, and poore tottred wretches ſtript and tumbled ſtark naked into a naſty pit one upon another: Whether thou ſhalt die in thy bed or no, my ſpirits are ſo dogged, they will not tell me; hope the beſt: But if (as others of thy coate,) thou by touching Pitch continually art defiled, as they were: then be ſure to take thy leave of the World like a hangman. With a looke (as if hee had beene going to the Gallowes) hee vvent avvay.

Tiburne *comes to know his Fortune.*

A Thiefe going off the ſtage but a little before, and the hangman entring preſently after; who (if not Tiburne) ſhould ſtep in next? *Ioculo* therefore ſtanding on Tipto to looke toward the Gate, was halfe afraid, ſhook, and grew pale: what ail'ſt thou (ſaid his Maſter,) O ſir cryed he; yonder is a Thing comming hither that is no man, and yet no monſter; Hee knew the Hangman, and ſhooke him by the unlucky golls: It hath Three Feet, and no Head that I ſee, (at leaſt no Face;) yet it weares a Three Cornered Cappe; a goodly Timberd Gentleman it is, if it bee a Gentleman: looke, looke, (O Maſter,) with much adoe, it hath crowded in. The Jew was agaſt to behold ſuch a motion; but then it thus ſpake;

Tiburnes *ſpeech.*

WOnder not Jew, nor be afrighted to ſee a dead Tree thus remov'd from his Center; neither admire that I ſpeake and have a voice, for ſo many comming on fatall Errands to mee from *Newgate*, they (at my home) looſe their lives; and all their voyces flie into me. That Trees have motion, you ſee in every field how they wanton with the winds, that they ſometimes ſpeake. Remember *Æneas* his tearing downe Boughes to prepare a Sacrifice; which Boughes ran with bloud: and then a voyce out of a Tree diſcovering the murder of *Polidore*,

where there lay buried. Remember the old verſe of a Lute ſpeaking thus;

Alive i'th woods, till Blowes me fell'd to'th ground,
Dumb, Living, Dead, I yeeld a heavenly ſound.

NOw albeit theſe Patterns did not priviledge mee; yet I have had to doe with ſo many Witches, Magitians, Conjurers, and great Schollers; that by the Charmes (learnt from them) it is eaſie for mee: thus to come to you, and thus to ſalute you.

My name is famous through *England*, and in other Countreys; of a long ſtanding am I; and of great practice for that which I profeſſe, and yet my name is not ſo ill as ſome would have it: For my right name is *Tey-Bourne*, and not *Tiburne*. *Bourne*, ſignifies a River; and the River *Tey*, runs by me, ſending his loue in Pipes to *Holbourne*: So, *Tey-bourne* feeds *Holbourne*; and *Holbourne*, *Tiburne*.

I am curſed for hanging ſo many every Seſſions; alas, I ſend not for them, they are brought to mee; and ſhall not I doe my office: I take no pleaſure in mens deaths. Yet I confeſſe it delights mee when Carts full of Traytors (that would blow up a Kingdome) ſtand round about me; I have ſeene fine fellowes on their prauncers ride by mee, ſhaking their wands at me, laughing and jeering mee to my face; yet within one fortnight after, I have had them under my fingers. Alas poor Tiburne, little doth the World know what I feele: I endure Haile, Snow, Froſts, Lightning, and Thunder in the day time; I am curſed, ſcorned, and hacked with Swords; in the night,

night the ghoſts of men and women, buried there, come round about my fields groaning, and ſhrieking, and wiſhing, thoſe that have beene brought to the laſt turning off from one of my ladders, yet were repriev'd, and ſent backe, to amend their courſes: and counſelling all ſuch that are likely to go Weſtward, to ſaile by a better Compaſſe; and not to make my Narrow Sea their way to Heaven.

Now, ever learned and reverend Jew; ſay what ſhall become of me, what ſhall I doe. What Fortune will the fates hang upon my ſhoulder.

Tiburnes *Fortune*.

THis ſaid *Orlotto*.

Thou ſhalt ſtand long in earth, but not grow higher; and (old) be hewne, and throwne into the fire: at which word it vaniſhed. I have not heard (ſaid *Ioculo*) ſuch a talking Gallowes; but ſir, the clocke of my belly bids me tell you 'tis Noone. So the Jew aroſe, and forc'd me to ſtay Diner.

FINIS.